

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XX.

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CLEAR THE WAY.*

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may;
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Charles Mackay.

THE HERO.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

"Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"Oh for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"Oh that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

"Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

* Charles Sumner wrote of this poem, that it "stirred his heart with generous enthusiasm, and was prophetic of the abolition of Slavery." It was first published in 1846.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly, and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foci that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly
down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been."

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot-clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
The childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Launcelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sink a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE INNER LIGHT.

"The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirit, that we are children of God"—ROM. viii. 16.

It used to be the fashion for preachers to address their congregations as if there were but two classes of people, the converted and the unconverted, the saved and the unsaved,—those who were in God's family and those who belonged to the household of Satan. At last, however, we are beginning to apprehend the gospel truth that every human soul is an offspring of God and belongs to his family. Nevertheless, it still remains true that some are conscious of kinship with divinity, while others are unconscious of it. Even as there are but two kinds of boys in our public schools, good ones and bad ones, so there are only two kinds of people everywhere: those who live in communion with God, seeking to know and do the divine will, and those within whom the Spirit's voice is unheard or unheeded, who are not conscious of their personal relationship to God or of the divine presence, help, and guidance.

Now right here in this gospel idea of the soul's essential kinship to God is the vital centre of Christian faith. To cultivate and educate the spiritual consciousness is the true work of the church. The highest

word of religious inspiration in the New Testament teaches that "God is Spirit," and, if it is true, as taught in the Old Testament, that man was made in the image of God, it follows that we are spiritual beings, "partakers of the divine nature."

THE DIVINE ELEMENT.

Thus the divine element in Jesus is seen to be a revelation of the divine origin of mankind, a clearing up of the mystery of the human soul. The story of Jesus' sonship in God is a mirror in which we see our own face. The divinity of his nature shows our own make-up. In his soul and ours we find the whole order of spiritual facts and laws,—truth, love, the sense of duty, the consciousness of divine kinship, and the aspiration for God-like perfection in character and attainment.

Suppose it should prove true, as Herbert Spencer maintains, that our sentiment of morality and religion are only the natural products of human experience and development, would this rob us of the ideal conviction that the source of the soul is higher than mere physical ancestry? Did the discovery of the sources of the Nile destroy the springs from which the river grew, or in any way detract from the power and goodness of the Creator in providing Africa with that wonderful stream which supplies the means of wealth, progress, and happiness to the whole continent? What we need for ideal thinking, high aspiration, and earnest endeavor is not faith in the superhuman power of Jesus or in the miraculous origin and authority of the gospel, but a clearer vision of the spiritual element in his life and in our own.

If we allow the divine element in the soul to sleep in ignorance, or to become smothered with desire for wealth and the love of pleasure, religion for us will lose its vital quality, and we shall find no sufficient reason for yielding heart and mind to its sway, or for giving our means and time to advance its interests. The moment we awake, however, to the conviction that we actually live and move and have our being in God; that his spirit dwells in us, and his life, love, truth, and power are ever at our command, waiting graciously for our use in the work of the world,—that moment there wells up in the soul an ever-increasing desire to know, to love, and to serve him. When we thus become conscious that the spirit is bearing witness within us that we are God's children, we can find no rest of soul, no abiding peace or happiness, unless we are

about the Father's business. Our very self-respect compels us to put forth every effort possible to be worthy of the divine lineage and companionship.

DESIRE TO DO RIGHT.

If we mean to do right—imperfect though we be—we are, so far, led by the Holy Spirit. The deliberate choice of right principles comes from the discovery of the purity that is seen only by the pure heart. Here is the foundation of good society or true democracy. It is not in the party platform, not in the Bill of Rights, not in the Constitution of the United States, not in the grand Declaration of Independence. The foundation of true democracy and social order is more deeply and broadly laid: it rests on our faith in the dignity of human nature as the offspring of God.

A great writer has said that it is the task of democracy to secure a patent of nobility for every man. Very well; but where shall the common man look for his title to nobility, or justify his claim to an honorable rank in the universe, unless he find the elements of nobleness in his own being? And how can he be sure that he is high born and well descended unless he can trace his lineage and origin up to the throne of God? Then he knows that he is of noble stock; then he feels the royal blood pulsating in his veins; and then, too, underneath all the disguises of poverty, meanness, and sin, he salutes a prince—son of the living God—in every other man.

As the sculptor's eye sees in the block of marble the waiting statue, even so does our faith teach us to see in each and every soul of man, however disfigured by sin and shame, an undeveloped picture or image of the divine personality. This is the gospel message. Jesus, the great Son of Man, who knew himself also as the well beloved Son of God, is not God's only Son,—he is our Elder Brother, "the first-born among many brethren."—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

When we thank God for what he is to us, in the secret chambers of our own being, we ought also to thank him for what he is to us in others. Every noble life which we see or of which we read, every holy companionship, every gallant deed wrought within our sight, every influence that comes to us from others' lives, is no less a gift from God on high than if it had been designed for us alone.

—*Selected.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU ART WITH ME."—PSALM xxiii. 4.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me;
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

—Anna L. Waring.

O thou who art the one God and Father of all; who art above all, and through all, and in us all; who hast adopted us as children in Jesus Christ, thy Son, in whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins,—quicken us, we beseech thee, who have been dead in trespasses and sins.

O thou who art rich in mercy, for the sake of thy great love wherewith thou hast loved us, make us alive in Christ.

O God, our Father, the Father of glory we pray thee to give us the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of thyself, that we may know the hope of thy calling, and the riches of thine inheritance, and the greatness of thy power, which thou hast wrought in Christ, when thou didst raise him from the dead and make him sit at thine own right hand in heavenly places.

We pray thee, to raise us up also, and make us sit in heavenly places with him.

O thou, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, grant us to be strengthened with might by thy Spirit inwardly; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that, being rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to understand the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of

Christ, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

Help us, Heavenly Father, to come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God to the stature of a perfect man, to the measure of Christ.

Help us to walk, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; to put away all bitterness and wrath and anger and evil-speaking, with all malice.

May we be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God, in Christ, hath forgiven us.

May we be followers of thee, as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ has loved us; redeeming the time; having the fruit of the spirit in all goodness and righteousness and truth; speaking to ourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

May we give thanks, always for all things, unto God our Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Help us to pray always, with all prayer and supplication, in the spirit, and watch thereunto with all supplication and perseverance.

May peace be to all the brethren, and love, with faith, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.—*Service Book prepared by James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Any one willing to pay freight on a barrel of magazines may receive the same by applying to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

For Boys.

"The Young Continentals at Lexington," "With Pickpole and Peavey," "The King Who Never Died," "A Cadet of the Black Star Line," "An American Boy at Henley,"

"His Young Guide," "Under the Flag of France," "The Motor Boys," "Robinson Crusoe."

Miscellaneous.

"Russia and Turkey"; "Queen Mary," Tennyson; "According to Season," Mrs. W. S. Dana; "Curiosities of the Bible"; "Music and Morals," Haweis; "Our Seven Homes," Mrs. Charles; "The Four Georges and William Fourth"; "The Mate of the Easter Bell, and Other Stories"; "After Noontide"; "Selections from Hawthorne"; "Looking toward Sunset"; "Phonograph Practice Book"; "Under the Stable Floor"; "Hallam's Middle Ages"; "Bryant's Poems."

For the following, apply to Miss Carrie L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass.:

Educational.

"Examination Manual in Plane Geometry," Wentworth and Hill; "The Mother Tongue," Kittredge and Arnold; "La Mère Michel et Son Chat"; "Outlines of History," Willson; "New First Music Reader"; "Colburn's Arithmetic"; "Plane Geometry," G. A. Wentworth; "Modern English Grammar"; "Macmillan's Progressive French Course"; "Elements of Algebra," G. A. Wentworth; "Introduction to Latin Composition," W. T. Allen; "Cæsar, with Vocabulary," A. J. Greenough; "The Academic Algebra"; "Elementary French"; "French Composition"; "New Cicero, with Vocabulary," A. J. Greenough; "Exercises in Algebra," W. J. Hill.

Music.

"Hymn and Tune Book," "The Endeavor Hymnal."

Fiction.

"The Little City of Hope," F. Marion Crawford; "Rab and his Friends," "Marjorie Fleming," Dr. John Brown; "Christmas Stories," Harriet Farley; "The Bachelor and the Baby," Margaret Cameron; "At the Court of the King," G. Hempert Westley; "Daphne," Margaret Sherwood; "Janet of the Dunes," Harriet Comstock; "The Glimpse," Arnold Bennett; "Honor Dalton," Frances C. Sparhawk.

Essays.

"Tremendous Trifles," Gilbert K. Chesterton; "The World Beautiful," Lilian Whiting; "On the Art of Living Together," R. F. Horton.

Magazines.

Literary Digest, 1910; *Good Housekeeping*, 1908, 1909, 1910; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1908, 1910; *Woman's Home Companion*, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910; *Harper's Weekly*, 1910; *Saturday Evening Post*, 1908, 1910; *Country Life in America*, 1909.

Mrs. K. S. Page, 47 Laurence Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass., offers current numbers of *Outlook*, *Literary Digest*, *Harvard Magazine*, and back numbers of the *Golf Magazine*.

Mrs. F. W. Homer, 270 Blackstone Boulevard, Providence, Rhode Island, offers *Technical World*, 1911 and 1912, also *Nautilus* and *Progress*, 1911.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been some time since I have written to thank all who responded so nicely to my request for books for the family of thirteen. They have been receiving reading as well as myself. I have thanked some; others have sent no name with the books. I want to thank the one who sent me five books by express and no name. We all enjoy the books so much. It helps pass the long winter nights away. Now, will it be too much for me to ask for some reading to be sent to my sister, Mrs. James R. Ware, Sandidges, Amherst County, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1? They live near the mountain, seventeen miles from the nearest railroad station. It is very lonely there for her and her husband and four children, a boy of fifteen years, and three girls younger. All are fond of reading. The youngest, ten years old, is especially fond of reading stories for children. They will be glad of any reading, and will send it on to others. Miss Virginia A. Taylor, Aqua, Virginia.

2. Thank you for the packet of *Cheerful Letters*. I will put them into other hands where they may cheer. Could you send me helpful hints on the uplift of young people, such as plays, charades, drills, for the early 'teens? These would be such a help to me in my work, as I come in contact of developing and training them. Also, hints, if you can, on Christmas work for the children that would aid in the same way (I have nothing and am not able to buy), so that their minds might be acted upon, they themselves being the actors; simple, yet teaching les-

sons suitable to this day and time, to instill purity and morality? Mrs. C. L. Harris, 811 Broadway, Corpus Christi, Texas.

3. Please thank the lady who is so kind to send me the *Cheerful Letter*. I enjoy it very much and especially the sermon extract. I have three little children, so I do not get to church very often to hear a sermon. I shall appreciate any good books or magazines. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Munroe, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1.

4. I should be glad if some one would send me a big Webster's Dictionary, and any history of England, France, and Spain. All these things would be a great help to me in my studies. Helen Lyon, Whitaker, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 4.

5. It has been a long, long time since I asked for any reading, and being all alone I am very lonely. I dearly love a good story. I should like *Good Housekeeping*. May I also ask for "Black Beauty" for a boy who hasn't any books, and a book for a boy of twelve who has only "Black Beauty"? Mrs. M. Worden, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa. ("Black Beauty" has been sent.)

6. I wish to thank the one that sends me the *Delineator*, as it is all the reading I get. And I should like to receive some books and magazines for myself and husband, also some picture and story books for my children, to help make merry Christmas for them. I have seven children, the oldest but eight years old, the youngest a young baby, and we have to pay rent and have nothing left to buy any reading. Mrs. Mary Heckard, Toronto, Kansas. R. D. No. 1.

7. Rev. M. N. Royal, Cottage Grove, Alabama, asks for Thomas Dixon's "One Woman."

8. My address is changed from Frazee to New York Mills, R. D. No. 3, Minnesota. I should feel badly if my *Cheerful Letter* failed to reach me. Some one is kindly sending me current numbers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and, as no name or address is given, I fear I shall not get them, and I do so enjoy them. I shall be very lonely here this winter, and anything in the way of reading will be very much appreciated. Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, R. D. No. 3, Minnesota.

9. Mrs. Ada M. Dunning, 423 Court Street, Auburn, Maine, will be very glad to receive anything of Henry Van Dyke's. Mrs. Dunning will be glad to send a copy of "Quesnay," by Booth Tarkington, if postage is paid.

10. Mrs. Elizabeth Hatley, Albemarle, North Carolina, asks for a Bible, dictionary, and a Testament.

11. Cook books are asked for by Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan; Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, R. D. No. 3, Minnesota; Miss M. E. Sale, Ronda, North Carolina; Mrs. Thomas H. Wilson, Kerrville, Tennessee; Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina; Mrs. William A. Alleyn, Burlington, Wisconsin; and Mrs. Josephine H. Merryman, Rustburg, Virginia.

12. I should like to get some recitations or dialogues, or any school books you have in your home to spare. If you haven't these books, I shall be glad to get any. I am a *Cheerful Letter* member, but it has been a long time since I have received any books. I am sixteen years of age and have four brothers and three sisters, all older than I am. My school will start in this month. I shall be glad to receive letters and cards. I live in the country, four miles from church, and we have a very poor school. Annie B. Harris, Bumpus, Virginia. R. D. No. 1, Box 88.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Miss A. A. Peatross from Spencer to Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1.

Miss Sallie V. Steptoe from Holcomb's Rock to Kelsa, Virginia.

Mrs. Fannie E. Briggs has moved to Chelan, Wash., care G. M. Briggs.

Mrs. J. F. Boling is now at Madera, California.

Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller is now at New York Mills, Minnesota, R. F. D. No. 3.

Mrs. Lizzie Town, formerly Toronto, Kansas, has moved to Buffalo, Kansas.

Mrs. W. F. Galloway from Roanoke Rapids to Swepsonville, North Carolina.

AT REST.

We record with regret the death of Mr. C. B. Frazelle of Swansboro, North Carolina.

Mrs. M. L. Wood of Cambria, Michigan, a member for many years, experienced a painful and distressing death from burning.

NOTICE.

The Book Club secretary would like to impress upon the workers the necessity of sending her a complete list of current magazines sent to correspondents, that the work may not be duplicated.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

Yes, that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, that is exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest; we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, asking questions, and, in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him: everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melts lead in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood pile down upon his head. If he be sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field of activity is opened amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of Chaos and old Night is instituted. He sees endless capabilities in all things, and is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing or planing, or dragging boxes or barrels in all directions to build cities, or laying railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches, quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him, for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and busier than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith; he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown; and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat; and he enters the house with a new war-whoop learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that

he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor-life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks, who want to be quiet.

It is true that, if entertaining persons will devote themselves to him exclusively, reading and telling stories, he may be kept in a state of quiescence; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as a dog does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another, and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes up, What is to be done with him?

But, after all, Charley is not to be wholly shirked, for he is an institution, a solemn and awful *fact*; and on the answer of that question, What is to be done with him? depends a future. Many a hard, morose, and bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected: many a parental heartache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano, and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him,—there are fifty ways of doing that,—he is a spirit that can be promptly laid for a season, but, if not laid aright, will come back by and by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by and by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures make us familiar,—A MAN child! A *man* child!—there you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, What shall we do with Charley?

For to-day he is at your feet, to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade and coax, and turn him to your pleasure, you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds,—in short, you can mold him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds to have the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but, if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully with tears some other day, and not find it. Old housekeepers have

a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day: it has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley that, rude and busy and noisy as he inclines to be, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for a play room cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play room seems cold and desolate—it may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is *human* light and warmth he shivers for—he longs to take his things down and play by you; he yearns to hear the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. Oh, how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed, when her son was a man, to keep him by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab,—constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general,—the boy has at last found his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges where he runs, till the day comes when the parents want their son, the sisters their brother; and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, mothers and elder sisters, if it is too much trouble to keep Charley in your society, there will be places found for him, warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow while you sleep; but a *son* you cannot. You must take trouble for him, either a little now, or a good deal by and by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or read to him from some book. Devise still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing if he be allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil and a sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will often keep him quiet for an hour by your side; or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody; and, if occasionally he does disturb

you now, balance in your own mind which is the greatest evil, to be disturbed by him now or when he is a man.

Of all that you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you, any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in the house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound and saw, and make all the litter that his various schemes of business require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well which is best, to spare him that safe asylum, or take the chance of one which he may find for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have tried, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones—all odds and ends; nothing comes amiss; and, if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on and the hours that he may innocently spend in sorting and arranging. A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes; nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, so that he do nothing worse. A cheap paint box and some engravings to color is another; and, if you will give him some real paint and putty, to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man. All these things make trouble,—to be sure they do and will,—but Charley *is* to make trouble; that is the nature of the institution. You are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind.

God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.—
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WASPS.

I.

The wasps, bees, and ants, as well as the gall-flies, saw-flies, and a few other insects, are branches of the same family tree, being, doubtless, all descended from some common ancestral stock that flourished in long-ago geological ages.

They are classed by man in what he calls the Order Hymenoptera, or Order of Membrane-winged Insects,—a very misleading name, as other insects are quite as membrane-winged as these.

The Hymenoptera resemble the general family of insects in possessing a distinct head, thorax, and abdomen, each of these parts having functions of its own.

They differ from other insects in the manner in which abdomen and thorax are united; also in the details of the mouth parts, in the wings, and in other parts of the body.

In the youth of their race the efforts of the hymenopterous insects were directed toward the accomplishment of certain acts that others of the insect folk did not care to perform.

The consequence of desires that progressed as they were gratified, aided by environment, was the gradual development of the general characteristics of the hymenopteran order.

Again, in the early ancestral history of this order, each division of it worked in a certain direction, pushed along by a combination of internal and external forces that finally resulted in the well-defined divisions of bees, ants, wasps, etc., with characteristics more or less fixed. The wasps acquired the wasp form and the wasp nature. Their habits were wasp habits. The bees forsook uncertain lines of conduct and settled into indisputable beedom. The ants drew lines fast and firm about their family forms and habits, and thus separated themselves from all other hymenoptera.

Early in their history there was no distinction between bees and wasps. There were no bees, no wasps. There were insects wavering, as it were, between becoming bees or becoming wasps, and some of these, caring only for honey and pollen, in time crystallized into bees with the necessary structure and mind for procuring a living of pollen and honey. Others, more adventurous and more carnivorous in their appetites, crystallized finally into wasps, with their strength, ferocity, and skill in capturing living prey.

It must not be supposed that the tendency toward beehood resulted in the development of but one form of bee. Though all the bee-tending insects preferred pollen and honey, not all of them devised the same way of getting and using their pabulum. There developed one class of bees where the females made holes in the ground, and buried in each a ball of pollen, in which one egg was laid.

In another class, the female buried a mass of pollen in the ground, in which many eggs were laid. The young from these ate holes in the pollen mass, and at length formed about themselves cocoons, which, when vacated, were stored with honey by the bees that did not abandon the nest, but continued to live in colonies or families. This is still the method of our bumble-bee whose

race-childhood was not so clever, and who did not get so far along the road of progress as the hive bee. Some of the bumble-bees added wax to strengthen the covering to their nests and even to build more cells. But they still made primitive cup-shaped cells, and it was left to the honey-bees to perfect the idea and construct waxen combs of hexagonal cells to contain their young and their food.

The bumble-bee, in producing a colony of workers to advance the interests of the family and help to rear a numerous progeny, took long step ahead of the solitary little pollen-collector that makes a hole for each larva.

But the bumble-bees die in the fall,—all but the perfect females that live to start each one a separate nest next season.—*Margaret W. Morley, "Wasps and their Ways."*

NOBLE LIVES.

I.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

If we distinguish between the essence of courage and its accidents, we shall see what an indispensable ingredient it is in all goodness. It is the power which makes us ready to encounter difficulties, meet opposition, go without delay or hesitation to each duty, attacking every task of life as soon as it presents itself, not shirking the work of to-day, or putting it off till to-morrow; being ready to speak the truth, whether men hear or forbear; standing by our convictions, though custom, authority, and friendship are all on the other side. This is courage; and without it goodness is a sickly plant, virtue a pale shadow, religion a hollow decorum, exercising no influence and deserving none.

The distinction usually made is between physical courage and moral courage. I prefer a different classification. I should make three kinds of courage; namely, personal courage, moral courage, Christian courage.

I do not like the phrase, "physical courage," because this is often only insensibility to danger. In this sense a stone would have more courage than a brute; a brute more courage than a man; a coarse and brutal man more courage than a man of thought and imagination. But insensibility, which plunges blindly into danger, does not deserve the name of courage. That alone is true courage which sees the danger, knows all the risk it must run, and yet is willing to encounter it. There is no courage in risking

a peril to which we are insensible. If a man can truly say, "I never knew what fear was," he must also say, "I never knew what courage was." The capacity of feeling fear is essential to all true courage. To feel fear and rise above fear, that is what we understand by courage.

We have just followed to his grave a man the like of whom has never been seen in New England. In him were united the qualities of Sir Launcelot and the good Samaritan.

Samuel Gridley Howe possessed in a high degree all the three kinds of courage of which I have spoken, and I will illustrate them all by the story of his life.

Personal courage loves danger for danger's sake; not because it is insensible to it, but because it enjoys its excitement and stimulus. What a strange attraction have war and the tumult of battle for many men! This courage of the battlefield is shared with man by his faithful companion, the horse, who rushes with joy into the thick of the fray; not from insensibility to danger, for he is a timid and imaginative creature, but because he is lifted, like man, above all fear, by the strange fascination of the battlefield. Two thousand years ago this had been noticed by the author of the Book of Job, who wrote of the horse: "He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and smelleth the battle afar off."

Dr. Howe, in this respect, was like one of the Knights of the Round Table. When he went to Greece to fight by the side of Byron, when he risked his life and liberty to help the Poles in their insurrection, when he stood by Lafayette in the streets of Paris in the struggle of 1830, there was mingled with his sympathy for human freedom something also of the *gaudium certaminis*,—the delightful excitement of peril. But also there was the conviction that in each case there was a principle at stake, and that here was the eternal conflict for the rights of man; and so the personal courage of the knight was joined with the moral courage of the hero. He was ready to die, but only in a good cause,—*non in decore pulvere sordidum*.

This marks the difference between personal courage and moral courage. Personal courage gives the joy of conflict, moral courage adds to this a deeper joy, the satisfaction of fighting for truth, justice, freedom, humanity. It also enlarges the sphere of the battle, lifting it to the vast field where principles of truth and falsehood contend in the grand struggle of reason with reason. And so, when the antislavery

controversy began in this country, it was easy to see where Dr. Howe would be. With his friends, John G. Palfrey, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, John A. Andrew, Frank Bird, and others like them, his heart, voice, pen, purse, hand, were always given to the cause of the slave. How much he did in that cause few can tell, for he was a man who never spoke of his own past efforts or achievements. But it was always well understood that, if any help was needed in that cause, Dr. Howe could be relied upon. I saw Captain John Brown only twice—once in Charles Sumner's room on Hancock Street. The other time it happened thus: I met Dr. Howe in the street one day, and he said: "Captain John Brown—Ossawatimie Brown—is in my office. He has a plan in view, and, if you would like to help him, he will tell you something about it." I went to the office, and Captain Brown was there alone. He described to me what he had done in Missouri, carrying away slaves from the frontier through Kansas and Nebraska, and said: "I intend doing the same thing, on a larger scale, elsewhere; but where, and how, I keep to myself. My idea is to destroy the value of slave property along the border, and so drive slavery South." If John Brown or any one else, had a blow to strike for humanity, he knew that he had an ally always ready in Dr. Howe.

But there is a third kind of courage which carries the soul up still higher. I call it Christian courage, because Jesus Christ possessed it in the highest degree. It is the courage which enables a man to attempt the cure of the worst forms of human suffering and sin, believing that he can overcome them. Jesus Christ made himself the physician to cure the worst diseases of the race. He had the courage to attack all evil, believing that he could put under his feet all enemies.

Social science, as popularly taught now, teaches "the survival of the fittest." Its theory is that the law of progress consists in the death of the weak and sickly and the survival of the healthy and strong. According to this view, the best thing that can happen is for all the feeble in mind and body to die as soon as possible, and only the best endowed natures to remain to continue their race. The logic of this system would seem to be that any one that provides hospitals for the sick, asylums for the insane, houses of reformation for the vicious, is really an enemy to human progress, by keeping in existence those who had better be out of the way.

The Christian theory teaches an exactly opposite view. It says, "If one member

suffer, all suffer." It regards the human race as one body, and declares that the body can only be in health when every part is in health. In its large philosophy it, indeed, encourages every attempt at making the good better, the wise wiser, the healthy more healthy; but its own special work is to raise the fallen, heal the diseased, help the weak, teach the ignorant. This was the sign which Jesus gave to those who wished to know if he were the Messiah; that the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the dead were raised up, and that good news had come for the poor.

To attempt this kind of work requires the highest kind of courage of all. And this is the work to which Dr. Howe devoted the last forty years of his life in Boston. He made himself—with all his high gifts, his rare accomplishments, his knightly courage—the servant of the blind, of the idiots, the slaves, of the most friendless and the most forlorn. And I cannot but think that such a life and such labors must do more to carry humanity forward than efforts exerted at the other end of the scale. There is an inspiration about such generosity as this which kindles a similar enthusiasm, and adds to the motive power of mankind. The real progress of man consists in *giving him more soul*; and how many souls have been quickened by the work of our dead hero, who can tell?

One instance I happened to hear of, indirectly, from a Western gentleman whom I once met. He told me that a young woman, one of Dr. Howe's teachers in the School for the Feeble-minded, went out to Ohio and took charge of a similar school just established in the capital of that State. Her salary, paid by the State, was only \$300; but she refused the offer of twice that sum to go and teach a private school in Kentucky, saying, "that they could easily find others to go there, but she was afraid no one else would come to take care of her idiots." When this conduct of hers came to be known, members of the Legislature, before indifferent to the school, became interested in it, and one of them, who had been converted from infidelity to some faith in God by reading one of Theodore Parker's books, led the way in securing a good appropriation for the school. So these two friends, Dr. Howe and Theodore Parker, reached hands to each other in Ohio, and, ignorant of it themselves, kindled a flame of generous faith in God and man in that region.

"How far that little candle sends its beams,
So shines a good deed in this naughty world."

—James Freeman Clarke.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

BORDER ACROSTIC.

Each of these words has six letters.

1. A stable for cows. 2. Historical curios.
3. Pertaining to the winds. 4. A member of the tribe of Levi. 5. A color. 6. A vegetable. 7. A chief character of the Iliad. 8. A gland at the base of the tongue. 9. Dissimilar. 10. A county in Idaho, New York, and Wisconsin. 11. A county and county seat of nine States, including Ohio, Iowa, and Illinois. 12. Strips of leather used to sharpen razors.

Write these words one below the other; and, commencing at the letter in the upper left-hand corner, take all the border letters only once around, going the way of the clock, and obtain: a battle of the Revolution, fought in January; a battle of the War of 1812, fought in January; the place in the United States where the Russo-Japanese War treaty was negotiated and signed; a President who died in January.

—American Boy.

II.

A ZIGZAG.

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1. A division of a hospital. 2. A synonym for power. 3. A synonym for lazy.
4. A homeless child. 5. A synonym for a poet. 6. A pavilion of canvas. 7. To pull.
8. A short article in a newspaper. 9. A bugbear. 10. To raise. 11. A small bird.

12. A single thing. 13. A place where water may be passed on foot. 14. A metal. 15. To stop. 16. A small fresh-water duck. My *whole* is the name of a famous doctor.

III.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Patriot Honored.
2. Heartily Detested Trifles.
3. Justified Great Works.
4. Writer Illustrious.
5. Honorable Career.

IV.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following:—

1. Scourge of God.
2. L'Aiglon.
3. Father of Epic poetry.
4. King of Men.
5. The Bridge Defender.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. A CHRISTMAS DINNER.—1. Turkey. 2. Salt. 3. Port. 4. Canary. 5. Salt. 6. Liver. 7. Mustard. 8. Quail. 9. Asparagus. 10. Ham. 11. Cauliflower. 12. Mushroom. 13. Cucumber. 14. Deer or duck. 15. Horse-radish. 16. Truffle. 17. Tongue. 18. Tomato. 19. Hare. 20. Celery. 21. Devilled Crab. 22. Madeira. 23. Cup. 24. Punch. 25. Pie. 26. Beet. 27. Hock. 28. Beer. 29. Halibut. 30. Knife. 31. Sparerib. 32. Burgundy. 33. Parsnips. 34. Charlotte. 35. Corn. 36. Potato. 37. Soup. 38. Fritters. 39. Spinach. 40. Pigeons. 41. Peas. 42. Sausage. 43. Larks. 44. Dandelions. 45. Lamb. 46. Cabbage. 47. Pheasant. 48. Capers. 49. Rabbit. 50. Piccalilli. 51. Partridge. 52. Catsup. 53. Chops. 54. Salt. 55. Champagne. 56. Goose. 57. Porter. 58. Salt. 59. Butter. 60. Plate. 61. Tumbler. 62. Bread. 63. Napkin. 64. Ice-cream. 65. Trifle. 66. Syllabub. 67. Whips. 68. Olives. 69. Crackers. 70. Dates. 71. Prunes. 72. Sago. 74. Apple. 75. Grapes. 76. Banana. 77. Apricot. 78. Dessert.

II. TWENTY-FOUR BURIED MYTHOLOGICAL NAMES.—Flora, Venus, Pegasus, Achilles, Medusa, Atlas, Midas, Remus, Cupid, Ceres, Niobe, Castor, Adonis, Pandora, Diana, Paris, Iris, Echo, Hebe, Fates, Lethe, Sol, Hermes, Hero.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, January 5, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.